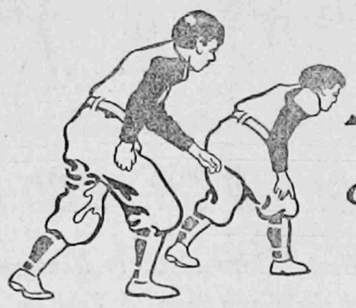


FOOTBALL from the INSIDE

A. Y. H.

A "Fumbled" Ball — A Run Around the End — Ball is "Down" On a Failure to Break through the Line

WITH the opening of the collegiate and scholastic year all over the country the football hero comes into his own again. Ere the leaves have begun to turn he is out on the gridiron striving mightily to get into condition for the gruelling he knows he will receive later in the season, when his team is battling mercilessly with an opponent and every ounce of strength is required to advance the ball even a yard.

The average spectator at a football game sees nothing but the struggle, the glamor and the final victory of one of the "elevens"—and that through a haze of excitement and partisanship. He knows nothing of the other side of football. He knows only that there are two rival teams and that one is better and, therefore, it wins. Concerning the inside reasons why the victor won he is blissfully ignorant. Least of all has he any knowledge of the vast amount of labor involved in forming a college team and whipping it into shape and a victorious eleven.

The beginning of the football season is an anxious time each year in the colleges. What kind of a team will they have? Is the new material good enough to compensate for the loss of the old by graduation? Will they be able to put out a winner?

There are three sources from which to choose the players—the men who played on the team the previous year, freshmen with high school or preparatory school experience and freshmen who have had no experience at all but are willing to "try for the team."

The first mentioned are practically known. The coaches are familiar with their ability and their shortcomings but, as a result of their summer vacation, they are not in "condition" and must demonstrate their right to play their old positions again.

The candidates for the team, who have had experience in preparatory schools, are also known quantities to a certain extent. Their work on the gridiron in past seasons has been carefully watched, and when they appear on the varsity field for the first time the coaches have already gauged their ability and classed them accordingly. But they are not allowed to think for a moment even that they have been watched. This is especially true if a player happens to have been a star in his minor firmament. In such a case he is treated with more than ordinary indifference.

For several days he is apt to be abused and humiliated at every turn. Good work on his part receives no more enthusiastic praise than an unwilling grunt that seems to imply he might have done better. But let him make a blunder. Right then and there he is given a thorough "calling down." It may even be implied, in the course of the coach's remarks, that the player in question was cut out for pinochle or "Pussy-wants-a-corner" rather than for football. Two days of this sort of treatment is apt to cause a shrinkage in the largest of "swelled" heads.

With the man who has had no experience, however, an entirely different course is pursued. Primarily he is noticed because of his size, strength and probable agility. Most coaches claim that a "born football man" can be spotted in a minute by his appearance. He is urged to "come out for the team." The captain himself, and perhaps the coach, drops in to see him and talk it over and instill in him a bit of "school spirit." Finally persuaded, he is fitted out with a uniform and makes his appearance on the field.

The rules of the game are explained to him simply, omitting many of the finer points. For days and days the coaches drill him in the mere rudiments of the game. If he learns quickly and shows an aptitude for the game, he is advanced in proportion to his knowledge and may even eventually be given a place on the team. Should he be slow, he is kept at work and encouraged to do his best. Every good play he makes is praised and his drooping spirits are bolstered up at every turn. While he may not attain a place on the "scrubs" even this year, the coaches argue he has three more years in college, and there is always the possibility of his developing into a varsity star. Even if this does not happen until his last year the coaches consider their labor in training him a thousandfold repaid. If he does no better than play on the "scrubs"—the second team—during the whole of his college career, the game is well worth the candle, for players on the lowly "scrubs" must possess some merit or the varsity team gains but little in practising against them.

The coach is really the power behind the throne in intercollegiate athletics, though few persons realize the importance and the amount of work which devolves upon him. He must first instill the principles and fine points of the game in the men, and teach them the score or more strategic plays used by the team in past years and the new ones he himself evolves. He must choose the 11 men whom he thinks best fitted to defend the honor of the college on the gridiron. If they win, he is lauded to the skies. If they lose, his shoulders must bear the bulk of the criticism. He must also choose the "scrub" eleven each day and hurl them against the "varsity" at its weakest points, in order to strengthen the latter by "showing them up." His work is hard work, and upon his handling of the men themselves depends much of his success. A good coach commands a fancy salary, but he holds his job only so long as he produces a winning team.

The first day's practice proper begins with the opening of the college or university. Every new man is urged to come out and try for the team, by word of mouth and notices put up on the college bulletin board. That afternoon, in all probability, the candidates assemble in the college gymnasium, where the coach and captain make speeches in which they relate the past glories of the teams that have represented the old college on the football field and urge the new men to emulate them. After firing them with college spirit they are told that uniforms await them in the locker rooms. A wild rush follows to fit themselves out from the conglomeration of discarded uniforms of other years.

As each man dons his "clothes" he rushes out to the field, where the coach with his assistants are waiting. The coach takes a football, stands off a few yards from the green candidate, rolls it along the ground toward him and tells him to "fall on it." Nine times out of ten the green man flops down on the ball—only to discover to his chagrin that it has bounded away from him. He is shown how to fall on it—and hold it—a by no means easy feat. It is rolled toward him, away from him, at every conceivable angle, and then ahead of him, so that he must run after it before falling upon it. During the entire process he is given one oft-repeated admonition: "Keep your eye on the ball!" The entire afternoon, and a portion of every other afternoon the entire season, is devoted to this essential feature of the training.

This fundamental point must be mastered. A man who retrieves a ball fumbled by the other side often turns defeat into victory for his own team. The coaches explain this to the candidates and insist that they read, mark, learn and inwardly digest it. At the close of the first day's practice everybody jogs around the running track, which generally incloses the gridiron, and gets "heated" for the cold shower that follows.

The second day's work seems a trifle more like the real article. The falling-on-the-ball stunt is resumed, and those who were awkward about it the day before are kept at it. The ball is tossed, or "passed," in the air from one man to the next in order that they may learn how to catch, or "handle," it cleanly. Then the candidates for the "back field," or "end," position are coached, especially in catching "punts," balls kicked by other men further down the field. They are taught to "start" quickly from a stooping, stationary posture in order to develop their speed and agility. The best "backs," "quarterbacks" and "ends" are the fastest, and they must be able to start from any position at full speed.

The men trying for the positions in the line—guard, center and tackle—are lined up against each other and shown how to charge against an opponent and how to repel his charge. The men are worked in squads each opposed to the other, and the coaches watch anxiously for the display of unexpected aptitude in this respect on the part of any one. The center man in one of the opposing lines "snaps back" the ball which he holds on the ground between his legs. Every man in both lines immediately charges his opponent. All then are urged to keep their eyes on the ball and charge the precise second it is snapped back.

The struggle lasts but a minute, each man doing his level best to dislodge or "break through" his opponents by pushing or butting him out of the way; he cannot seize him and hold him, but can use his shoulders, elbows and arms—except the hands. The coaches instruct the candidates how to accomplish this without holding and criticise them for bad work. The essentials impressed upon the men are speed and low charging, while a fellow who hesitates about hurling himself against his opponent when the ball is snapped is warned to get rid of his "yellow streak" or get off the field.

The candidates who have survived the charging period are next introduced to the "dummy" or tackling machine. This consists of a stuffed football suit made in the semblance of a man, minus head and feet, of course. It is suspended between two staunch uprights, deeply set in the ground, and hangs the height of a man from a trolley between uprights. It can be drawn along rapidly or slowly to represent a man running.

An experienced player stands back a half dozen yards from the dummy, runs to it at full speed, throws himself at it head-first and "tackles" it as in the game when an opponent is running with the ball. If in his tackle he hits the dummy hard enough, and holds on, a spring release unhooks the dummy from the trolley and down to earth it comes with a crash. If, as described, the player throws the dummy, well and good. If not, the coaches tell him just what a weakling he is and send him back for another try.

Tackling a dummy is no parlor trick, as it is heavy, the earth is hard and the momentum of the player himself is great. If the enthusiasm of the candidates ings a jersey and "letter" in the colors of the college a most bitter rival are sometimes fitted on the dummy and the players told to show what they would do to it should it be a real rival instead of a dummy.

A week of this sort of training has gotten the men into fairly good condition and allowed the coaches to make a tentative selection of players for the "scrimmage" practice between the first and second squads. From each a team is picked each afternoon and a regular football game is begun. Every man of any promise is given a chance to get in the game on one squad team or the other. The "lineup" is changed constantly, men being tried in several different positions before being weeded out as not worth developing further. In a comparatively short while the coaches have two teams of picked men with substitutes for every position on both of them.

By this time the training table is in full swing. The candidates eat their meals together, where their diet is carefully watched by the coaches and trainers. They may have as much wholesome food, calculated to build brawn and increase their weight, as they want, but desserts, sweets, pastries, etc., are barred.

Soon the day for the first game of the season rolls around. The manager of the team, elected by the players the previous season, has arranged his schedule with other colleges so that his team plays the weaker opponents first, gradually working up as the season progresses until the most hated rival is played at the end of the schedule when the team is logically in its best form.

As the first game is generally an assured victory, the coaches are enabled to shift their players around, trying several men in each position, and thus get a line on the work of each under fire. The strength and weakness of the team as a working unit is determined and steps are taken to remedy the defects in practice the following week. If the team fumbles the ball repeatedly it is certain the next few days' practice will be devoted to passing and falling on the ball. If a certain position is shown to be weak in the game the coaches in the ensuing practice direct especial attention to the player or players who occupied that position.

At sometime during the season a falling off in the condition and ability of the players is noticeable. This is called a "slump" and is due to the natural reaction from a period of unaccustomed, rigorous training. Such a state of affairs is the bane of existence of every coach in the business. It is a critical

Fighting for Inches

"Bucking" the Line

time—and fortunate is the team that experiences its "slump" early in the season.

At last the great day—the day of the contest with the star rival—is at hand. The players are sent to bed early and instructed to forget all about the game until the morrow. They go to bed, but forgetting and not worrying and wondering who will win is another matter. Only the most experienced players are free from nervousness—and even they are by no means immune.

The trainer has personally examined every man and done everything in his power to put him in fit condition. The coaches have finished their work, except for the field instructions in the game itself, of course. It is up to the men. If they win, they are heroes; if they lose, no one feels the sting of defeat more keenly than they.

At noon a light lunch only is eaten. Everyone is on the qui vive. The picked men are going over in their minds the last instructions of the coaches, point by point, and wondering if they will be equal to their tasks. The substitutes are hoping and praying they will have a chance to get in the game.

Just before the game, in the dressing rooms, when the men have donned their habiliments of battle, the coach makes a final speech appealing to their college patriotism and reviews his most important instructions; the quarterback runs over a number of signals with the backs, and the manager and trainer are flying hither and yon attending to the last details.

Finally, at a signal, they file out on the field, pass the ball around, while the captains toss for goal and possession of the ball. Then they line up, the whistle sounds and the great game is on.

Then follows the execution or failure to execute the many esoteric points the spectators do not see. A season's work is being tested. The gains and losses, the mistakes and successes, all exert two influences—encouragement for the fortunate players, despair for the losers. Up and down the field the battle wages, the coaches ever on the alert to substitute new players and proffer advice and instruction in the intermission between the halves. In the end the best team wins and the football season is brought to a close with joy for one and sorrow for the other.

There are several changes in the rules this season that are well worth repeating. A goal from the field now counts three instead of four, as last year. The forward pass remains unchanged, the only alteration being that the rules now make it clear that there is a zone, lying behind the scrimmage line, in which an end may stand and by assuming this position be not eligible in any event to receive a forward pass. This position is more than one foot back of the line of scrimmage but less than a yard.

One of the most important changes is that a side having a "kick-out" may have the option of taking the kick or having the ball down for a scrimmage on its 25-yard line. In this way a team that has been forced to make a touchback has a chance of pulling out of its predicament. Formerly they were forced to kick the ball out to their opponents. The referee must not blow his whistle this year to indicate a foul, as any blast of the whistle indicates that the ball is dead. The referee must also stand behind the line of offense.

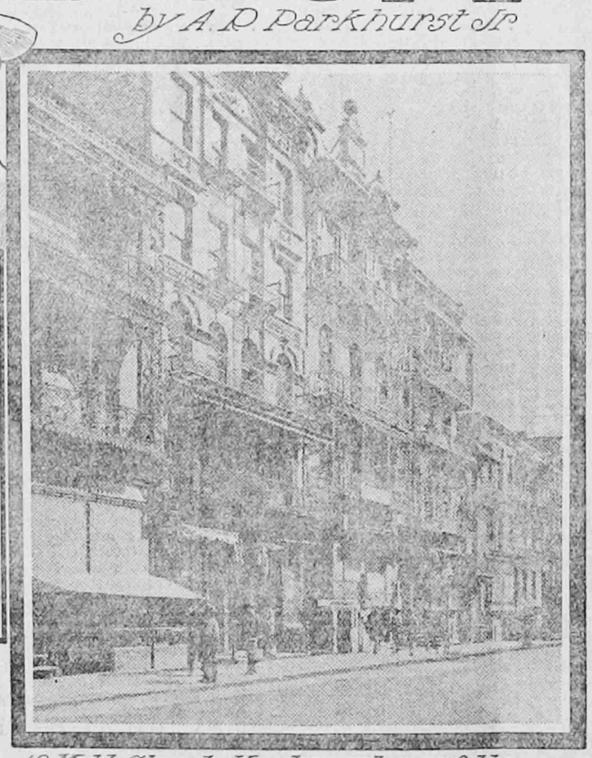
Chinatown's DOOM

A. Y. H.

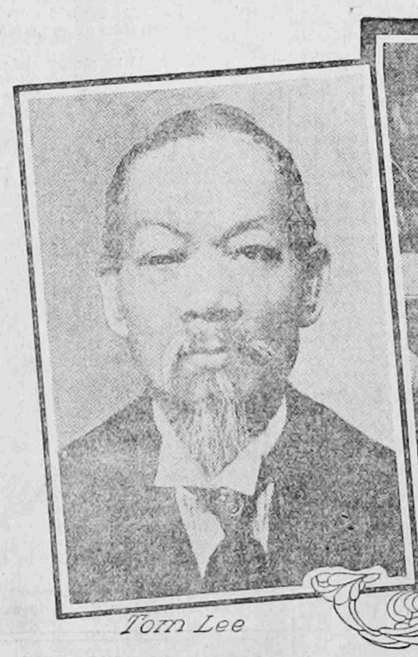
by A. D. Parkhurst Jr.

Arrest of Some of the Chinese Secret Society Members

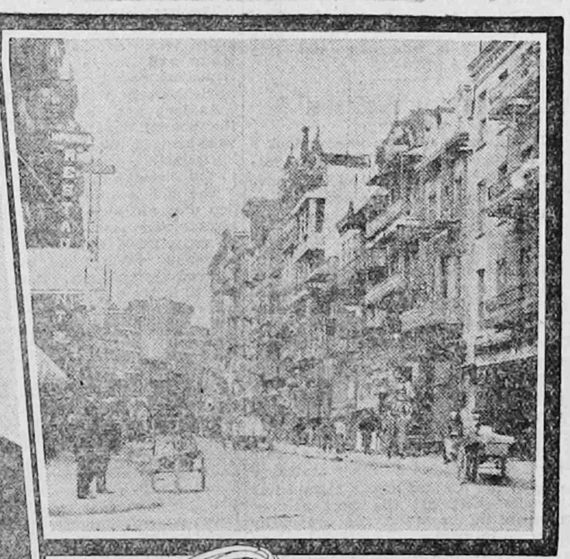
Mock Duck



18 Mott Street, Headquarters of the Ong Leong Tong Society



Tom Lee



A Street in Chinatown

CHINATOWN is doomed. That little section of New York, just off the historic and now decadent Bowery, bounded by Pell, Mott and Doyers streets, is to be swept into oblivion and upon the sites now occupied by the fantastic and gaudy fronted shacks and tenements business blocks of substantial and imposing character will rear skyward.

Perhaps no three blocks in the world have been the scene of more strife, more revelry, more crime—and crime of a most sordid kind—than the three crooked little streets which in any other city in the world would be designated as alleys. But in New York every dark and forbidding little byway and lane is dignified by the title of "street."

Tumultuous times have been had in Chinatown within the past year or two, and this accounts for the fiat just issued. Chinatown must go and the police to a unit will breathe easier when the razing of these dark and squalid dens of vice begins. Murder has been rampant there of late and so far the perpetrators of these murders are at liberty. While the police of the world have been ordered to be on the lookout for Leon Ling, better known as Willie Leon, the celestial who murdered pretty Elsie Sigel, his Sunday school teacher, and then stuffed her body into the trunk found in his rooms, Willie is still among the missing. None familiar with Chinatown and the customs of its habitues would be surprised to learn that Leon is still in Chinatown and never left there for a day since the slaying of poor, misguided little Elsie.

Chinatown's feuds—its tong wars between the Hip Sings and the Ong Leongs—have been bitterly waged for the past 10 years. Occasionally there comes a lull and for the time being Chinatown becomes quiet. At such times the "Seeing New York" cars reap a harvest. Nearly every visitor to the metropolis thinks that he or she must "see" Chinatown before departing for their far-away homes. It is quite the thing to do nowadays and the tourists file in and out of the dingy, ill lighted, foul-smelling little cribs that infest Chinatown and depart with the feeling that they have seen all there is to be seen of New York's under world. In other words, they are inspired by the desire to do something "real devilish" and they really believe this instinct has been gratified to the fullest. As a matter of fact they only see that which Chinatown wants them to see—and at so much per see. All that can be seen to Chinatown's advantage is proudly displayed. At the same time the wily chink rakes in the sheckels.

There are many Chinamen living in that squalid quarter whose wealth is reckoned in the hundreds of thousands of dollars. They are rich, but they are just as eager to "bleed" a tourist today as they were years ago when they didn't have the price of a bowl of chop suey in their balloon-like trousers.

Two of the most picturesque characters in Chinatown are Mock Duck, leader of the Hip Sings, and Tom Lee, commander of the Ong Leong Tongs. The Hip Sings are Chinatown's disturbing element. This tong is made up of the sporting element. Nearly all of its members are gamblers, bunco steerers, confidence men, runners for those establishments which conduct a white slave traffic, and murderers of the most cold-blooded type. A life in Chinatown is not worth a dich of yok-a-main. Let a victim be marked for death by the leader of either of the rival tongs and it is safe betting that he will receive a bullet in the back of his skull or a knife thrust between his shoulder blades within 24 hours after the ukase went forth. The opportunity is easily made and the executioner knows there can be no slip. He has been designated to do the work and this he does whether in broad daylight or in the inky blackness of a Chinatown hallway. But in either event he always gets his man, for he well knows that his life will be the forfeit should there be a slip.

There are few misses in Chinatown and the police who mount guard over this turbulent section of the city do ont hesitate to say that many a man met his death in Chinatown whose carcass was disposed of without a hint of murder ever percolating from the close-mouthed highbinders who accomplished his undoing.

The Ong Leongs are of a better class. The members of this tong are all well-to-do Chinamen—merchants whose combined yearly importations mount high into the millions. Venerable Tom Lee, who married a white woman, and whose son is one of the honor men at Columbia University, rules this tong with a rod of iron. But for 10 years he has lived in constant dread of an assassin's bullet or knife thrust. So determined was the effort to make way with him that he finally heeded the advice of his counselors and moved from Chinatown to Harlem where, with his wife and son, he occupies a handsome apartment.

In this home Tom Lee leads the life of a military prisoner. He never goes out unless surrounded by several of his trustiest lieutenants. He never answers a summons to his doorbell for fear he will be shot down, for several times this has been attempted. When he visits Chinatown he does so surreptitiously and then goes to the council-room of his tong, entrance to which is gained through a maze of passages and doors that baffle anyone not familiar with its construction. Even then he wears a bullet proof vest and his body is encased in a suit of chain armor.

"I would rather die a hundred deaths than lead this life," Tom once said to the writer. But his counsel is worth far too much to the Leongs for them to allow him to run any risks and no monarch of Europe is more carefully or more zealously guarded than this crafty old Celestial.

The Ong Leongs are ostensibly Chinatown's law and order society. Tom's slogan is "fair play." But don't lose sight of the fact that when an undesirable member of the Hip Sings becomes too obstreperous that the Leongs do not hesitate to encompass his undoing. Quite as many Sings have disappeared as Leongs. The only difference is that less is heard about it. The Leongs invariably take the public and the police into their confidence when a Leong has been murdered by a Sing. But reverse the order of things and they remain just as mute as the Hip Sings.

When a Hip Sing has been murdered the whole tong gets busy, for their slogan is, "Ten Leongs for every Sing." When the Sings go on the warpath they usually wreak their revenge before the army of detectives and police spies who are kept constantly circulating through Chinatown have had an inkling that there was trouble brewing.

It was not so long ago that one of the Hip Sings was shot down in the streets of Chinatown. Several policemen, two plainclothes men, or "bulls," as they are called in this quarter, witnessed the tragedy. The assassin darted into a doorway filtered through a narrow hall and vanished as completely as if the earth had swallowed him. The Sings held a council of war that night and Mock Duck reminded his trusty band of highbinders of their oath—"ten Leongs for one Sing." That night a celebrated Chinese tragedian was billed to make his first appearance in the Chinatown theatre. Incidentally, one of these tragedies runs a year before the full plot of the play is finally unfolded to the audience.

Tom Lee and several of his wisest counsellors were among the audience. Likewise a number of Ong Leongs of lesser light. At a given signal several men arose and scanned the audience. They were all Hip Sings. As one man they shot. When the smoke of battle cleared ten Leongs lay stretched upon the floor of the little theatre cold in death. The tragedy on the stage was not interrupted and ran on to its conclusion, but to this day the murderers of the ten Leongs are still unapprehended. Tom Lee had a miraculous escape, but his coat was pierced by six bullets.

It is an open secret among the police that Chinamen invariably chose a weapon of one pattern and calibre. A blue steel 41 Colt six-shooter is their favorite engine of death. This he carries in his hand and with arms folded across his body, the hands tucked into the opposite flowing sleeve he shuffles along. The gun is panned and cocked for instant use. A Chinaman never shoots at long range. He always gets close to his man and then pokes the gun into his ribs and blazes away. More often he has shot while the hand grasping the gun is concealed in his sleeve. Of course, when a killing is planned all the members of the tong are aware of the fact, and they crowd around the murderer while the gun is passed from man to man until it is in safe hands. Meanwhile in the hubbub that arises the real murderer makes his escape.

Many visitors to Chinatown expect to see scores of Chinamen stretched out in a stupor in the opium dens that they think infest the district. Opium is smoked to a considerable extent in Chinatown, but far more opium dens flourish in other sections of the city than in Chinatown. The few that are there are far below the surface of the street, and none but "regulars" are permitted to visit them. Chinatown is catacombed with secret passageways far beneath the surface of the streets, and many of these shacks have as many as six subcellars beneath them.

The whites who infest Chinatown cause the police far more trouble than the Celestials. They are invariably the very scum of the earth, for when a man or woman strikes the downward path and becomes steeped in vice and crime they always drift into Chinatown.

Religious fanatics have felt it their duty to reform Chinatown. For every reformation they effect there—a genuine and sincere reformation—anywhere from one to a dozen young white women are sacrificed. With few exceptions, the young and attractive white girls sent to Chinatown to work in the various missions established there sooner or later fall a victim to some unscrupulous Celestial. From then on these girls become the Chinamen's slaves and there they are kept in their miserable dens, fed on opium and rice whisky until they sink to the gutter. Their good looks gone and their senses steeped in opium and whisky, they finally find their way to the psychopathic ward on Blackwells Island and there end their days in the workhouse.

Nearly every minister in New York city is alive to the perils that assail young women in Chinatown and their cry today is: "Keep white women out of Chinatown!"

Snow on St. Bernard.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that the heat is extreme at the base of St. Bernard, the top of the mountain is covered with snow all the time. The monastery on St. Bernard costs $9,000 annually to keep up, and this money is partly collected in Switzerland and partly derived from the revenue of the monastic order. It is estimated that over 30,000 tourists pass by the monastery yearly. When the first heavy snows come in September, the mountain paths are marked by posts 20 feet apart. When these posts are covered with snow and disappear, others are attached to the tops of them. The greatest damage on the mountain comes from the heavy gales, which blow all winter long.